

Follies

25 Cents

**Winter Edition
1933**

A Little Bull





FOLLIES

After an absence of years, Cap'n Joey Burten, together with Celestine Vichy, have re-opened their famous den in Greenwich Village, from which they and their famous little magazine started, ten years ago. Cap'n Joey was a World War Veteran then. Now he's another bonus chaser. Celestine if you remember her curves well, was that dashing Broadway, Hollywood, and artist's model, who departed four years ago, and got hitched by a regular paying parson.

Now she's a grass widow again and all's well. The line forms to the right—and "The People Be Tickled."



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came over in Miocene times when George's lot were barred by the Immigration authorities because they'd bitten their tails off to make themselves look like men. But I was stunned by the way George threw his wealth about. It weighed half-a-hundredweight.

January 6th.—The landlord called to-day. Must make a note that we needn't get any food in for the sabre-toothed tiger for a week.

January 23rd.—Had my dancing lesson from the cave-bear, and learnt a new step called the

Neck Wriggle. At least, I was told it was a new step, but it seems just like the old Shoulder Squirm. I shall have another when that collar-bone knits together again.

February 14th.—What do you think? Trixie is engaged. She showed me the bump. It's a beauty, larger than the one I had. She is a bit long in the tooth, and I expect when her fiance first caught sight of her, he took her for a pterodactyle, and welted her one. Anyhow, he's compromised her, and she's safe.

She tells me she's looking forward to her honeymoon trip. I never said anything, but I hope it

keeps fine for her. It took me weeks to get rid of the gravel rash on the back of my neck.

March 22nd.—There's a fizzy feeling in the air to-day, like boiling snow, and George says it's spring. I caught him chipping something on a rock.

There was a picture of a slice of melon with clouds round it, and a man pulling a lady's hair. He said it was poetry. Poetry—I ask you? And it was for this he said that he was too busy to help me beat the rushes. He went very red when I spoke about it, and threw it on the floor.

I picked it up, and he kicked up an awful fuss. Said he wasn't going to have anybody in the end

of the cave where he works, disarranging all his things.

But I've got no time to talk to him. Everything's filthy. There's the walls to be scraped, and I'm going to make him knock a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. A man came to the



door this morning, while the tiger was asleep, and I gave him a handful of George's old bones for a little tree in a pot. You ought to have heard George when he found out.

March 28th.—I believe the dinosaur has got distemper. It sneezed a big hole in the side of the cave to-day, but I don't mind that. I never had

enough cupboards in which to put all my things. But it wouldn't touch its saucer of milk. George hates it, because it put its paw through the bars after George's plesiasaurus.

The plesiosaurus does sing a lot. I tried to alter its loud speaker with the axe once while George was out, but it ate the axe and cried for more.



March 31st.—George is chipping a letter on the back of my best bedroom suite. He says he is the first man to hear the cuckoo this spring. It was really a dodo with hiccups, but I dare not tell him so.

April 1st.—Been busy all day burying things for posterity, including the picture George drew of the time he caught a fish as large as a mam-

moth, but it got away from him. I shudder when I think of the artistic quality of that picture, and I feel sorry for posterity.

April 11th.—George came home to-day and told me he'd got promotion. He brought it with him. It's a thing you call a spear, and you stick it in things. It works, because George tried it on the man who invented it. I sometimes think these modern business methods are too ruthless, and the agitators who tell us we ought to share out everything everybody else has got are right.

After all, George isn't such a bad old sort, and when he merely had a job at the bench chipping flints he worked hard, so that I don't think his new executive post is likely to get up in his head.

When I was a girl I used to dream of having a handsome husband I could look up to, say about seven feet high, and who wouldn't chase me round the cave in a perfunctory manner every morning before he started for business.

Still, George is better than nothing. I must speak to him about taking a furnished cave at the



A CAVE WOMAN'S DIARY



JANUARY 1.—There are times when I wish I'd been shingled before ever I met George or else that he'd grabbed a loose lock. This morning he swore that the ichtyosaurus egg I gave him was stale, but what does he expect when it's been laid about a million years? Things won't keep for ever even in the Ice Age.

He says he never gets anything now like his mother used to make, but I'd like to see myself serving up a lump of raw frozen aurochs as she

used to. The old lady knew nothing of our Up-to-date Methods in the Home, and never cooked over in her day.

a fire in her life, because fires hadn't been invented

I knew George had got up the wrong side when my pretty ickle woolly-haired rhinoceros tried to jump on his knee, and he kicked it in the Quarterly Period.

It all commenced a month ago, when I was trying to invent the first xylophone, and I wanted the thigh-bone of the man next door for an A flat. It appeared to be just the length, but after George had taken one good look at the club the other fellow was carrying, he said that he couldn't afford it. He's getting mean.



I wept, of course, and he tried to comfort me with a lump of Old Red Sandstone, but it didn't leave a mark. He doesn't love me any more.

And to think that this is the wretch whom I promised to love, honour, and obey. He was so nervous at the wedding that he dropped his axe, and his hand shook so much that if I hadn't butted int oit myself I should still have been single.

It was for him I filted Herbert, whose ancestors



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seaside this summer for the children. We ought to get possession easily enough with that spear as a reference. The only trouble is that I've got simply nothing to wear.

The shortage of caves is a scandal, and even the casualties in the struggle for existence don't ease matters much. It's my belief the world is overpopulated. George said he had to queue up for his turn with the corn mill yesterday. Society, according to him, is going to the Megarithiums. People are beginning to work. He does nothing but sigh for the good old times.

April 27th.—Made a great discovery to-day. I found some red earth, and rubbed it on my lips, and it stayed there. I rushed off to our best mirror—the pond where George shoots the remnants of his political opponents—and I look ten years younger. I'll show that cat next door something.

May 10th.—My birthday, and the brute never said a word about it. When I reminded him, he looked guilty, and said he'd been saving something for me for a long time. I got it after supper, but I think I must be getting older. These trifles hurt more than they used to.

June 3rd.—George came home breathing very heavily, and looking very tired. He said he'd stepped on a volcano, but I know better. I found out afterwards that he'd put three bones on what he said was a horse. It turned out to be a creature about the size of a cat, with three toes on each foot, so that I'm not surprised that it lost.

He wants me to make him a thing he calls a shirt to-morrow, which he can put on a dead snip he knows of. But if the snip is dead, what does he want to put a shirt on it for? Why doesn't he bring it home so that we can eat it?

June 9th.—This servant problem is getting fierce. We've lost our girl again. The family from whom George got her discovered where she was, and got her back again, in the usual way. When George is able to move again, we shall have to look for another.

June 15th.—Took George to a mannequin show to-day in the woods, and saw some perfectly love-



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ly gowns. Furs always look best on their original owners. He grumbled, as usual, but finally he got me a polecat evening frock and a beaver afternoon gown.

September 24th.—I'm getting sick to death of the dull daily round of housework, and the way those brats of ours put their knees and elbows



sleep with George's niblick, I went.

She also showed me a beautiful thing for cooking. It's a skull, and you fill it with water and hold it over the fire. I must get George to bring me one home next time he meets a stranger. But the things that woman said about everybody else made my ears flap.

November 15th.—Down at the lake to-day the red-haired fright next door said that we women ought to get up and strike a blow for ourselves. I agree with her. Why should we stop at home and slave, while the men do everything interesting?

December 25th.—I don't know what the weather is coming to nowadays. It's actually so warm that all the ice is melting. We never get a good old-fashioned winter such as they had years ago.

December 28th.—I've finished with the brute for good. For some time he's been pulling his whiskers out by the roots with the end of a flint, and to-day I wanted to write to mother.

The chisel was a little blunt, so I took George's hair-extracting flint to sharpen it, and when he found out he used language that made the alligators blush.



George came home to-day with a long thin bone sharpened at one end and with a hole in the other, which he said was a needle. I don't like it. It's like all these labour-saving devices. It means more work for the proletariat, meaning me.

November 3rd.—That hateful creature with the red hair next door asked me to go in this afternoon and talk to her, and after I'd got the kids to



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December 29th.—Poor George. He always was a bull on cave bears, in spite of my warnings. He intended to bring one home for supper, but the market went against him, and the bear got the supper. I shall never get another husband like George, and I don't intend to marry again, ever. My heart is broken.

December 30th.—Such a handsome stranger followed me home to-day. He's got lovely side whiskers, like a mammoth.

December 31st.—Something tells me that something is going to happen to me to-day. I must put some of that red earth on my lips, and find out what became of those headache powders.



Life's Pleasantest Sounds

The crackling of a fire
The tinkling of ice in the tall glass
The approaching footsteps of Marie
The retreating footsteps of her
 husband
The rustle of a check
A hearty laugh
"I'm afraid I've overcharged you,
 sir."
"Here's your number."
"I'll increase your salary tomorrow!"

This weather reminds one that the seasons are always pictured as women. Men don't know where they are.

At a London Dinner Party

Elderly man (ignorant of nationality of his neighbor): "A deplorable sign of the times is the way the English language is being polluted by the alarming inroads of American slang. Do you not agree?"

His neighbor: "You sure slobbered a bibful, sir."

"I have made a grave mistake," said the sod widow as she realized she had stopped at the wrong mound.

Keyhole Conversations

No!
 Now stop it!
 Not another drink!
 You men are all alike!
 My Gawd, is the door locked?
 You don't say we drank all that
 hooch?

If that's a call for me, I'm not
 here!
 Who'd have thought it possible!
 Just one more kiss.
 Call a taxi, honey,
 I look awful.
 Bye, baby,
 Bye.



The wise bride practices
 Her stuff
 Until her hubby cries
 Enough!

"Have you been in prison?"
 "No, but I'm married."

"Ah, well," said the maid as she
 slipped a pair of the star's stock-
 ings into her bag, "you're not on
 your last legs yet."

"Where are you koing, my pret-
 ty dear?"

"Depends on whether you are
 paying for a taxi or going for a
 walk."

Old Stuff

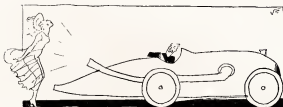
"Why does the ocean roar, Archie?
 Wry does the ocean roar?
 And even the tiny wavelets laugh
 As they break on the smiling
 shore?"

"All nature smiled, my adorable
 child,
 For the thousandth time to hear
 The well-known guff and the old
 love-stuff
 Of the couples upon the pier."

Didja ever
 See a pair of dimpled knees
 A shapely calf, with ankles trim,
 Rounded arms of alabaster,
 Swanlike neck of perfect shape,
 Scarlet lips like a Cupid's bow,
 Hazel eyes with shining lure,
 Raven locks and rosy cheeks
 And then glance at her left hand,
 And say, "O hell!"
 Didja ever?



Tenderloin Tattle Tales



Romero: "Tat," indicating a somewhat wrinkled dress suit hanging in his wardrobe."

Nephew: Flashing a saucy glance in his direction, "And now, let's see the divorce suit."

Married men seldom say that figures don't lie, for they know the naked truth.

She kept her virtues safe and pure,
Her self-control was tried and sure,
But the swell who finally got
her goat,
Took her out rowing in a boat.

It's a long Lane that has no girl in it.

"She buys her hats in Paris and her gowns in England and her hose in America."

"I'll bet you'd like to see Paris."

"No, I want to see America first!"

You know the devil makes the wind
That lifts the girly's skirts up high
And that the Good Lord made the dust
To close the butter'n-egg man's eye.



Eat, drink and be gay,
Banish all worry and sorrow,
Laugh gaily today,
Weep, if you're sorry,
Tomorrow!

Hollywood Poster: "Can a Woman Love Twice?"

Yes, indeed. Some even in the same evening.



Poor Fish (?)

Color Print from Pallies



Every Woman Has Two Faces



Painting the Lily

Color Print from Follies



Sail Her, Sailor!



SPARKS

*Some people evidently think
that the sign "PARK HERE"
also means "SPARK HERE."*

PAINTED PRETTY

A WOMAN real estate owner collected her own rents in order to save expenses. She found one of her tenants in a discontented frame of mind, and thinking that attack might be the best defense, she began with a complaint of her own.

"Your kitchen, Mrs. Brown," she said, "is in a very bad state."

But it was the tenant who scored.

"Yes, ma'am, it is" she agreed, "and you'd look the same way if you hadn't had any paint on you for five years."

HORRORS!!

A woman ran out of a house shouting "Fire!" When neighbors were unable to see or smell smoke they asked the excited woman where the fire was.

"I didn't mean fire—I—I—I meant murder!" stammered the woman. And then a policeman demanded to know who was being murdered.

"Oh, I really didn't mean murder," wailed the hysterical woman, "But the biggest rat you ever saw just jumped out of my bureau drawer and chased our cat down the cellar!"





Language of Ribbons

*If her ribbons are blue
She's sure to love you,
For she's tender and true—
If her ribbons are blue.*

*If her ribbons are pink
She'll tip you a wink,
But she's not what you think—
If her ribbons are pink.*

*If her ribbons are mauve
You're lucky, I trove!
For you're the right love—
If her ribbons are mauve.*

*If her ribbons are brown
You can take her to town
And she won't turn you down—
If her ribbons are brown.*

*If her ribbons are grey
I don't know what she'll say
She may not—or she may—
If her ribbons are grey.*

*If her ribbons are black
You'd better turn back,
You're on the wrong track—
If her ribbons are black.*

*If her ribbons are coral
She's sure to be moral,
You're in for a quarrel—
If her ribbons are coral.*

*If her ribbons are peach
In vain you'll beseech
She's out of your reach—
If her ribbons are peach.*

HIP,



Hips are coming in again, even in distance Turkey.



Whoopie! From appearances this little lady is not thinking of hips but lips. May the lip line ever wave.



The boudoir hips of yesterday are with us once more



Celestine Vichy says the way to modern hips is to sit for 'em.

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Hips, HOORAY



*The Venus of old Greek
days knew her hip line
and her sex line.*



*The hipless girls of yesterday have passed out with
petticoats and petting parties.*

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Q. I met a girl walking home from an automobile ride the other night and we have become great chums but just because she has worked in pictures my mother thinks she isn't a good girl for me to associate with. What do you think?

A. *If she was walking home she is a good girl.*

Q. I have been working in the pictures for several months now and the last few weeks I have been troubled with a weak back. Every day or so I will drag on to the set with my back aching like the tooth-ache. I keep regular hours, get plenty of sleep and do not drink or party around. What do you think is the matter?

A. *You may get plenty of sleep, but you don't lie properly.*

Q. Would a wooden leg be a handicap to my success in motion pictures?

A. *We don't see why. It has been done with a wooden head.*

Q. I have been engaged now in sordid, Western dramas for several years, but feel that I have the genius and soul for something better. How can I secure higher parts?

A. *Learn parachute jumping.*

Q. I have dyed my hair very carefully and am using a light makeup. Do you think I can pass anywhere as a true blonde?

A. *We never knew a true blonde ourselves.*

Q. I am going to work next week as a bathing girl and am worried about my makeup. What sort of lip stick should I use?

A. *If you are the kind of bathing girl we like your lips won't be noticed.*



More dirty work in the movies.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

*the poet Keats said: "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,
that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know."*

BUT WE AMEND IT AND IT READS

*as follows: "Beauty is brains, Brains Beauty, that is
all ye know on earth and all ye need to know."*



Putting the Hammer on Hollywood

SALLY O'NEILL and Molly O'Day, sisters they are of the too numerous Noonan family, the real flag of the charming little girls.

Two—three years ago the luck of the Irish was fast upon them. Not only had Sally crashed the movies with a bang, but Molly, pretty and slim, was an instant success before the camera and was in the big pay before you could wink an eye.

Molly was a great girl and everybody liked her — and fed her. Her slimness vanished almost overnight. The studio refused to cast her as long as she wore round-house curves and then Molly, who was fond of food, began to play at

dieting and reducing. Finally coming to a realization that her living was at stake, and heeding the demands of her numerous family who needed the money, Molly underwent a painful and utterly useless operation to take off the cushions, and particularly those that eased her when she sat down.

Molly was brave and earnest, but to this day she has been unable to convince producers that the slim figure, which was once her greatest charm, has been restored. So Molly has been out of work; out of a job of any kind.

Then Sally's luck wasn't so good, and the numerous Noonans who had gone completely Hollywood refused to slacken the pace.





Spilling Hollywood Dirt

HOLLYWOOD is convinced that Gary Cooper, the young he-man type, and Lupe Velez, the wild, wild Mex, are operating under a license to love and scrap — that they are husband and wife. Gary and Lupe are married, Hollywood may then express the wish that all their children will be toreadors, or tomale tossers.

Alex Pantages, the great Greek, who with native modesty gave his own theatres and his own vaudeville circuit his own sweet name, is rapidly passing out of the picture. The local playhouse with old Pan's name plastered all over it was the scene of his alleged criminal attack upon Eunice Pringle, a seventeen-year-old dancer who was trying to persuade Pan to book her act. It is alleged that Pan took the girl to a secret room for consultation. As luck would have it, the next picture booked for this playhouse bore the suggestive name of "The Love Trap," and R. K. O., which had bought the house, had the good sense not to put this title up in lights below Pan's name.

R. K. O. also lost no time in taking over the house and rubbing out every trace of the Pantages' name, even to the ornamental "P's" that Pan had displayed so proudly in every available space big enough to hold one.



*Our Fair Reporter on the Scene of
Bleeding Hearts*



Wine and Folly

Color Print from Follies



FOLLIES

Says:

"Boy, Wasn't THAT
Some Depression?"

Now Let's Have Fun.

Color Print from Folio



Sum(er) Roses

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS OF HOLLYWOOD

Q. I have written 496 scenarios that I am sure are good. For some reason none of them has been accepted and I cannot explain this unless the scenario editors are conspiring to keep new talent out of the field. What would you suggest to get me what I deserve?

A. *Chloroform.*

Q. I am a young girl 18 years old and have a boy friend just two years older. We love each other very much, but my parents will not permit us to marry because he plays the saxophone in a jazz orchestra. What can I do?

Ans. *A jazz orchestra is no place to find a husband, but if you must take a chance, a man who plays the saxophone is better than one who plays the flute. Personally, we wouldn't trust even the drummer.*

Q. My boy friend told me last night that I reminded him of a Hollywood virgin. What is a Hollywood virgin?

Ans. *A female child living in Hollywood and not over ten years of age.*

Q. I am 20 years old and have been consumed with a desire to enter the movies. I live in a small town and my friends tell me I am formed better than any of the California bathing beauties. I have saved 1p car fare to Hollywood. What would you advise me to do?

A. *If you are sure of your last two statements send your telephone number and do nothing until you hear from me.*


Q. I am a young girl graduate of a school of motion picture acting and have played in several pictures as an extra. Can you advise me how to secure a regular part? I want to become a star in the worst way.

A. *Well, it might be done that way. It depends on yourself.*

Q. The young man to whom I am engaged pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket while he was visiting me the other night and a red silk garter came out with it and fell on the floor. Should I question him about it?

A. *No. He'd only tell you it was a sleeve band and then what could you say?*

Love Kisses and Babies



in holy, holy Hollywood

EVERY gal in Hollywood wants to have a baby, the right to complete their womanhood. Talk about it out loud, too, at parties—the more gin the louder—while the men stand around and try to look unconcerned. Anyhow, if you're a gal, and don't want to have a baby, you don't belong in Hollywood. But how are they going to do it—these gals? Time was, and not so long ago, when motherhood was the last thing of their thoughts. Marriage was bad enough from a professional viewpoint, and motherhood would simply wreck their careers!

Marriage appears to be the chief drawback to the gals in the movies who are so freely dissertating on their desires to have babies and to complete their womanhood. Marriage in the movies is not al-

ways so good. It happens, though, sometimes openly and sometimes secretly, and nobody can be quite sure who is married in Hollywood and who is not. As a guessing contest, it is a favorite sport.

Yes, marriage is the handicap that the movie girls must endure before they can translate their free urge to have babies into action. They can talk about freedom and their rights, and are talking, but it looks as though they can only envy their sisters in other walks of life throughout the world who can defy convention and go on and have their babies, willy-nilly.

Dolores Costello is going to have a baby and, make John Barrymore a proud father. And, at last, Norma Shearer is to complete her womanhood and have a baby.

FOLLIES



A TOAST

*Here's to the girl who
doesn't believe in Santa*

*Claus but allows some
rich old geezer to play
Santa Claus for her.*

Advanced Styles From PARIS



(Above) *The nude line. The ladies are to have some portion of "The skin you love to touch" peeping through their gowns, in spots.*

(Left) *The lure of the hem line. From the nude days of Mother Eve to the latest in trailing gowns.*

THE TALES OF The CORKSCREW

ONCE upon a time there was an all-round sport who was ill, sick, off his feed and on the blink.

And being sick he was doubly a rogue. And into the sick room of the old sport dropped a friend. The friend was of the cheerful exceeding cheerful type. His motto was, "look on the bright side and scatter sunshine wherever you go." So he entered the sick-chamber in his breezy, altruistic way and shouted, "Why, Old Sport, how fine you are looking!"

"I don't feel that way," growled the sick man.

"Oh, come now, really I never saw you looking so well."

"Liar and lickspittle," said the sick man, "I'm in bad shape."

"You have just overworked a little."

"Idiot!"

"You will be at the ball game Saturday."

"Pimire!"

"Your eyes are bright."

"Pollywog!"

"Your tongue is not coated!"

"Horse-thief!"

"You have no fever."

"Shitepoke!"

"It is only a slight attack of in-



digestion."

"Mutt!"

"Your complexion is perfect."

"Mollycoddle."

"And, anyway, your vocabulary is all right."

"Sunovabych!"

"It is only a matter of nerves!"

"Enough of that!" hoarsely whispered the man on the bed. "I'm a dam sick man, I tell you!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the agent of the Sunshine Society, "all foolishness. Why, you will be out tomorrow."

"You are a liar, I say," breathed the sick man laboriously. "I am near cashing in. The doctor was here an hour ago and said if I turned over I would be a dead man in less than ten minutes."

"What do the doctors know

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about it?"

"I'll bet you five to one that my doctor is right."

"I'll take it," smiled the visitor.

With much pain the old sport pulled a roll of bills from under the pillow, peeled off a five and pushed it over on a stand at the head of the bed.

The friend laughed, fished a cart-wheel dollar out of his pants and laid it on the five on the stand with the medicine bottles.

"I'll show you, you g'dam, cheerful, mouse-colored ass," said the sport. And with that the sick man rolled over on his right side. In three minutes he was dead —

dead as a salt mackerel. But as he gave his last gasp his lips moved as trying to say, "What did I tell you!!" And a half-smile of triumph came to his glazed eyes, and his hand moved convulsively toward the six dollars on the table. Then all was still.

They buried him next day with the half-smile of success still on his face. Instead of a bouquet in his hand they placed the six dollars on his breast, the silver dollar on top of the five. The undertaker exchanged the six dollars for a confederate ten-dollar bill just before he screwed down the lid.



*From Our Old
Follies Album of
Forgotten
Beauties
She Was Very
Gay — In The
Gay Nineties.*

FOLLIES



*PERFUME, THE WOMAN AND SOMETIMES A SONG
HAS MADE MANY AND MANY A MAN GO WRONG.*

FOLLIES



Can you remember years back when girls used to blush?

HELL'S ANGELS

She: George is a good skate, but he's too tight.

He: He's not tight. He's just a wise guy saving up for a rainy day.

She: Rainy day. Hell. He's saving up for a flood.



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Making Up for the Birds



Woman—Puzzle of the Ages

Color Print from Folies



Ye Maiden Handicap



MARION ORR
a favorite among the few real models for artists



BETTY PIERCE

looks as though she had just arrived from Paris

Photo by Schwartz



Inspirational or what have you on Broadway?

SCOTCH IS SCOTCH

Sandy (addressing caddie): "Are ye guid at findin' ba's?"

Caddie: "Aye!"

Sandy: "Then find one the noo an' we'll start."

A man and his wife, who lived in Ayr, had a boy whom they believed to be a mute, for up to his tenth year he had never spoken.

One day his father and he were at work in the field, and, getting thirsty, they made their way toward a jug of cold tea. The father took the jug and began to drink. As he gulped down the tea slowly the thirsty boy said:

"Hurry up!"

Whereupon the father put down the jug in astonishment.

"Why," he said, you're talkin'! Why didn't ye never speak before?"

"Naught to say," replied the child.

The new chaplain of a Scotch asylum was complimented one day by an inmate who said, "We like ye better than any other chaplain we have ever had."

"I'm pleased to hear it," said the minister. "May I inquire what it is that has made me preferred by you above my predecessors?"

"Weel, ye see," replied the inmate, "we think ye mair like oor-sels than ony o' the ithers."

The other day a Scot walked into Woolworth's and asked a clerk where the furniture department was. Another Scot was fond of his nickels and he squeezed one of them so hard the Indian came through and rode on the Buffalo!

One of the worst stories we have read for a long time is as follows: Jones was asked about Smith.

Jones was asked about Smith. "He's a Scotsman," replied Jones, "and that's enough." He was asked how he knew Smith was a Scotsman and Jones said: "Because every time he is invited out to a place where he knows he is going to get a drink he eats salted peanuts on the way out." The story is ridiculous. Who ever heard of a Scot spending a nickel for salted peanuts?





Daphne: "What a sweet-looking girl," indicating a blonde dining at the Algonquin the other night with a smart looking young man. "I'm sure she must be on her honeymoon."

Romero: "More likely on a mon-ey-moon," and he looked grim at the recollections of—but why be unhappy over that?

Daphne says a diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets his age;

Disease always attacks the weakest spot and that is why so many people get colds in the head;

She hears some talk about abolishing capital punishment—but if that was good enough for her ancestors it is good enough for her;

She'd like to be a seal because the skin fits it so beautifully;

When the macaroni came from the store this morning it was full of holes so she sent it right back.

Vicious Circle

"Every time I take castor-oil mother puts a nickel in my money-box!"

"And when your money-box is full?"

"She buys a new bottle of castor oil!"

He Had Experience

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a delicatessen shop.

"What can you do," the boss asked him.

"Anything," he replied. "How much will you give me?"

"Three dollars a week, starting right now. What can you do to make yourself useful?"

"Most anything."

"Well, be specific. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.

A man who takes considerable pride in the fact that he has "a way with children" was passing through a sleeping car when he heard a child in one of the berths wailing lustily. He noticed a small foot peeping through the curtains and thinking to help some worried mother pinched the toes gently one by one and repeating the old nursery rhyme:

"This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig got bread and

milk,

This little pig got none,
This little pig said—"

But he didn't finish the rhyme. An irate mother peered through the curtains, remarking that there was one big big pig who was going to get his face slapped if he didn't let her foot alone.



Two men in Rule's were discussing the relationship between "strong drink" and broken homes.

"No, you're quite wrong," said one of them. "It isn't 'drink' that ruins so many homes."

"What is it, then?" queried the other.

"Why, thirst, of course," said the first man, as he turned to speak to Bunt.

"Love alone," gurgled the comely young heroine, the spot-light playing on her upturned orbs, "love alone is not enough!"

"You're right, miss," cordially assented a beery voice from a South-East London Olympus, "an if yer wants a bloke ter love wiv yer—"

But the rest was lost in the huge and suddenly descending hand of an ever-watchful chucker-out.

If a woman is quicksilver to a man, he will be quick with his gold to her.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Well, dear boy, of course I believe you. But if I had told you a yarn like that I—er—should not expect you to believe me."

"Years of discretion" sometimes means the age at which a man knows exactly how much to make a cheque out for.

Guide (pointing): "That nude figure on her knees, with her head bowed down, is called 'Repentance.'"

Stout Old Lady: "Absolutely naked! If that's repentance—well, I never!"

He is one of the very newly rich who succeeded in acquiring a patrician and beautiful wife; and he prided himself on his ultra-gorgeous house. He was showing a friend his bedroom, and explained how a silver bath which had belonged to Catherine de Medici travelled through a trap-door from the bathroom in his wife's suite into his. He pressed the button to show how it was done. The bath duly appeared, but, most unfortunately, his wife was taking an afternoon dip that day.

Curtain!

A DELICATE COMMISSION

An unwary youth who allows himself to be inveigled into doing shopping for a lady is apt to find his pathway beset with unsuspected difficulties. I found that out one afternoon when Sally begged me to do a little errand for her down at Wanamaker's. Sally usually does forget something vital. And the worst of it is that she prides herself on her memory, scorns to make a list of her requirements and always forgets a most important item.

Sally is my sister. She is several years older than I and inclined to treat me like an infant—although I graduated from Harvard last year.

We had just finished luncheon when she began in a most ingratiating tone, "Billy, darling."

I pretended not to hear.

"Billy, darling," she repeated, changing her seat to the arm of my chair, "I want you to do something for me."

"Well, what is it?" I asked abruptly, continuing my reading of the NATIONAL BULLETIN.

"I forgot something this morning—and I want you to get it for me. Some people are coming in for tea and I've got a heap of odds and ends to do before then. Please be a nice boy and go get it for me."

"I didn't intend to go out today—it's too hot. Can't it wait until tomorrow?" I protested.

"That would be too late. I must have it for the dance tonight."

"Send one of the maids."

"They're all too busy. Come on, Billy, do be nice. Forget you are my brother for once and don't be such a selfish pig."

I kept still for a moment.

"Look here," she bribed. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you if you'll

do this for me. I'll telephone the Carroll girls that we'll drive around for them tonight and pick them up on our way to the club. Then you can meet Estelle beforehand."

I was anxious to meet Estelle. I had admired her from a discreet distance so far. She was a jolly good sport and remarkably pretty. I had been unsuccessful in meeting her and now that my chance had come I felt suddenly willing to do anything Sally wanted.

As the door closed behind me, I heard her repeating, "One pair, open pattern, ladies' embroidered—" I waited to hear no more. I had already been told what to get at least three times. Sally has a habit of telling you what to get three times and then impress upon you what you are not to get several times over. So I was somewhat muddled when I started out.

Whew! But it was hot! I entered Wanamaker's cool store gratefully. Seating myself beside a long counter whereon all sorts of dainty lingerie was seductively displayed—a bit of lace, a few bows of ribbon, and a little sheer silk—scarcely more.

A lady was trying to make up her mind between pink and beige lingerie. Having at last made her purchase she collected her change, a Pomerian pup, and her hand bag and moved off. Now was my opportunity. The pretty young sales person began to fold and replace the various articles she had taken out for her customer's selection. At length coming forward, she said with a bewitching smile, "Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"Yes," I began. "I want a pair of open pattern, ladies' embroidered—" I found myself talking to air. The sales girl had disappeared.

A conclave of assistants seemed to be taking place at the far end of the counter. Stray phrases caught my ear. "No, did he really?" "He never!" "What cheek!" floated across to me. I was in no way interested.

After some minutes another young lady approached me. "Are you being waited on, sir?" she asked sweetly.

"I thought I was," I replied. "What I want is a pair of open pattern, ladies' embroidered—" Again I was talking to air. The girl was gone, her face and neck dyed with a blush that would have shamed a peony.

"Is it a fact?" I heard one of the girls say. "Did you ever!" while they threw curious glances in my direction. I began to feel embarrassed and most miserably self-conscious. What was wrong? I determined to find out. Perhaps my necktie was crooked, or my face dust-streaked.

I felt I must see myself at any price. I did not want to be too obvious about it. There was a glass just behind me, and as I got up to look, I dropped my cane. Picking it up, I sat down across the aisle facing the mirror. I surveyed myself carefully—my hair was smooth, my tie was straight, nothing was undone or out of place. Now what caused this apparent interest?

I again turned my attention to the girls. They kept giggling and nudging each other, saying: "You go" — No, you go" — Oh, I

couldn't"—"I haven't the face"—and a lot of silly rubbish like that.

Finally, a rather superior young person detached herself from the group and came toward me. With a certain dignity she enquired, "What may I do for you, sir?"

I repeated my request. Before I had time to finish she seized a box of goods that was lying on the counter, slammed it noisily into place on the shelf behind her and departed with more haste than dignity.

This was absurd! I was furious. I decided to report the matter to the head of the department. Just then a floorwalker came in sight. I strode up to him and demanded an explanation of the way in which I had been treated. "I have asked no less than three of your girls what I want and they have left before I finished my order."

He smiled apologetically, "I'm sorry, sir. May I ask what it is you want?"

"I want a pair of ladies' open pattern, embroidered stockings."

"I fear there has been a slight misunderstanding—you see you are in the wrong department! Hosiery!" he said, "First aisle on the right!"

Never again will I be forced, duped or cajoled into doing any intimate shopping for a lady. But it was worth it after all, for Sally was as good as her word and introduced me to the sweetest girl in Philadelphia that evening.





A Model Young Lady



A Couple of Birds



THE DREGS